

Home Circle.

A HINT.

A red glass makes everything seen through it red,
While blue glass turns everything blue;
So when every one seems to you selfish or cross,
Perhaps the real fault is in you!

—R. Eliot.

"YOU TAUGHT ME TO DRINK."

Some people think that because parents and children in European countries go to the taverns together, drink their beer, and eat their lunch without becoming drunkards, it is safe for parents and children to do so in this country, but they make a great mistake.

Years ago, an industrious, well-to-do German mechanic, an honored member of the church, was accustomed to send his little boys for beer and have them to drink with him. He thought there was no harm in it. The boys grew up, and one became a drunkard. One day his father reproved him for his drunkenness, when in turn he said,

"Father, why do you scold me? You taught me to drink!"

The remark made a deep, painful impression on the father's mind, and when a few years later, the son killed himself drinking, the calamity and the son's remark so preyed upon the father's mind that, although a very healthy, strong man, reason was dethroned and he but recently committed suicide. These are all well authenticated facts. The circumstances occurred in Ohio. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—*Words of Cheer.*

USEFUL FLOWERS.

"Oh, how these nasty thorns do catch me! And the sun is hot! I hate picking blackberries, nasty, horrid things! Why can't the boys get them, if mother must make such a lot of jam? It is too bad to be set to do this on a holiday afternoon," grumbled Agnes dolefully.

Jessie was picking, too, and the sun was just as hot, the thorns quite as sharp, and the basket as big to fill. But Jessie sang over her work, and looked as happy as possible.

"You've picked ever so many more than I have!" Agnes went on, fretfully, which was not to be wondered at, seeing Jessie had not wasted her time in grumbling.

"Pick away, Agnes; I'll help you when I've finished mine," she said.

"You are good, Jessie," said Agnes, when she saw both baskets full. "Do n' you mind picking fruit?"

"I don't like it," owned Jessie; "but I put a flower in my basket before I began, and then I didn't mind it at all."

Agnes peered into the baskets. "What flower? I don't see one!"

"A flower that can't be seen," laughed Jessie. "A 'please-mother' flower helped me fill my basket, and a 'please-sister' flower helped me fill yours. What useful flowers these are! Won't you try them?"
—*Christian Commonwealth.*

DUST THOU ART.

A bright little girl in Sunday-school, who had reached the creation of man out of the dust of the earth, came running to her mother and exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I know it's all true what the catechism said about Adam being made out of the dust of the ground."

"Why?"

"Because I saw Aunt Emma whip Gracie, and I saw the dust fly out of her."

Little Gracie had been playing with the ashes.—*Religious Telescope.*

THE QUILT'S MESSAGE.

A poor boy lay ill in a Southern hospital. Over him was a quilt made of bits of calico and white squares, on which were written texts of Scripture. It was the gift of a Northern woman whose son was in the army. The boy was seen to kiss over and over a bit of the calico, a crimson leaf with a dark background. They thought his mind wandered. After a little he asked: "Where did the quilt come from?" "It was sent by a good woman with a note pinned to it." At his request they brought the note. His hand trembled and his cheek grew white as he saw the writing. "Read it slowly, please," he said, "it is from my mother; that bit of calico was part of her dress." When they finished he pointed to the text: "I have sinned * * * and am no more worthy." They read the parable to him. A few days afterward, he said: "I was a great way off; but God met me, had compassion on me, and his love fills me with peace."—*New York Observer.*

THREE MANLY BOYS.

In a "Letter to Boys" in the "Young Crusader," Miss Frances Willard tells this story:

"Let me tell you about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up and to earn the money with which to do it. So the boys set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself, and practicing strict economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt, and gave each of her sons a thorough college education. But if they hadn't worked like beavers to help her, she never could have done it. Her oldest boy—only four-

teen—treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of housework off her hands, put on his big apron and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on the table—did anything and everything that he could coax her up to let him do, and the two younger ones followed his example right along. These boys never wasted their mother's money on tobacco, beer, or cards. They kept at work and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly boys, too, full of fun, and everybody not only liked, but respected and admired them. All the girls in town praised them, and I don't know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything that boys like better. They all married noble and true women, and to-day one of those boys is president of a college, goes to Europe every year, almost, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my own "beloved physician;" while a third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Pueblo, Col., and a member of the city council."

There were, we believe, remarks the periodical that published the above, three other boys, almost the same age, who let their mother fetch the wood and water, milk the cows, and do the chores, while they hung round the streets and saloons, drank beer, and smoked cigars; and they are probably at it yet—sitting on nail kegs and grumbling about hard times! Which kind of a boy would you prefer to be?

AN OLD GAME.

Children's games and plays come down from the remotest ages. Dolls are almost as ancient as babies, and many of the plays that amuse children now amused them thousands of years ago. One of these games is marbles, named from the Latin "marmor," by which name similar playthings were known to the boys of Rome 2000 years ago.

Some marbles are made of potter's clay, and baked in an oven just as earthenware is baked, but most of them are made of a hard kind of stone found in Saxony. This is broken into small chunks and then whirled in a barrel until the corners are ground off, and then they are round. Marbles are manufactured in great numbers and sent to all parts of the world, even to China, for the use of Chinese children. They are pleasant playthings if boys play honestly, and do not "play for keeps." Playing marbles gives outdoor exercise, and at the same time trains both the hand and the eye, and so may be good schooling as well as good fun.—*Little Christian.*